¶ A discourse of the great crueltie of a Widowe towardes a yong Gentleman, and by what meanes he requited the same.

Set forth in English Verse
by Iohn God.

First read and then iudge, but ere thou begin
Despise not the matter conteined herein,
Though rude be my stile, & knowledge be scant,
Yet of the matter there nothing doth want

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signe of the Marmayd.

LECTORI.

I Incipe nec ſiſtes totum percurre libellum:
O Omnia lecta docent, quæ, niſi lecta iuuãt?
A Ars docet, et veterũ te lectio cũcta docebit,
N Nulla tibi virtus clarior eſſe poteſt.
N Nãc pia à lectu, metu quod honeſtat acumẽ,
E E lectu vitæ eſt parta diurna ſalus.
S Salq; cibos condit, ſic condit maxima vita
G Gaudia, non ſparſo lectio iuſta ſale.
O Optima ſi cupias acquirere mella, ſtudeto,
D Diſce laboroſos voluere quæſo libros.
D Diſce puella precor, fuge, quod mea chartula
V Vt melius poſſis imperitare viro. (narrat.
S Sed mendicanti da præmia qnæſo libello
Sic meliora queo, ſit meliora dabi.

1456

The Preface to the Reader.

MArk gentle reader, in this little tr atis, both fonde and affectionate loue, the one proceeding from a loyall and gentle hearte, rather decked with vertue, than follie, I say rather adorned, & beautified with Venus mild and gentle behauiour, than enuironned with the deadly and spitefull rage of Iuno: the other from a disdainefull and lothsome stomacke puffed vp with too muche superstition, vnder the coloure of meeke humilitie. with vainglorie, vnder the shadowe of constancie: with disdaine, vnder the pretence of perfect and sounde chastitie. They that haue passed the most part of their time in humaine follies, and haue rather followed the vanities of fooles and insensuate louers in matters of loue (and the contemplation of heauenlie things, or else of those that here on earth may giue some entrie for man to attaine glory and honour of his name) they I say shall serue mee

for witnesses to confirme the opinion of long time rooted in the fansies of men, which is, that the beautie & comely fauour of a woman is the most true and natural Adamant that can be found, sith the same stone (for a certaine attractiue power and agreable qualitie therin enclosed) doth not better draw the iron, than a woman doth by a certaine hidden force, whiche rysing vnder the allurement of hir, draweth vnto it the heartes and affections of men, which hath made manie beleeue, that the same only essence was sent to vs belowe to serue bothe for mennes torment and ioy togither. But yet there is another thing of greater wonder, it is not to heare tell that Paris forsooke Troy to go visite Helena in Grece, that Hercules had giuē ouer his mace to handle the distaffe at the commaundement of a woman, or that Salomon was setted in his wisdome to dallie with those which made him a voluntarie slaue. But that a woman of whom a man had receiued no fauour nor curtesie, had forgotten hir duetie to hir seruaunt, if it seeme not straunge, I knowe not what to call wonderfull or marueilous. If defence of speeche for loue, is not deemed suche wherby man is different from brute beastes: (for reason is altogither refused of louers) and not withstā-

ding

ding our Fathers haue ſeene the example of that vertue no long time paſte in the perſon of a Gentleman, verie wiſe and wel trained vp in other thinges, a caſe ſo ſtraunge, as declaring the ſingular force of nature in that matter, wherein ſhee ſeemeth to haue giuen the preferment aboue all things in the earth. Examples hereof is the effemination of Hercules, the depriuation of Sampſons force, the loſſe of ſenſe, and the Idelatrie of the famous and wiſe King Salomon, and the ſimplicitie of a wareleſſe & vncircumſpecte Gentleman, of whome yee ſhall reade in the Hiſtorie following. Marke I ſay, (gentle Reader) howe fortune dealeth with them, which truſting in their force, deſpiſe (in reſpect of that whiche they doe them ſelues) the little portion whiche they iudged to bee in others. If the vaineglorie and arrogant preſumption of a chaſtitie impregnable, had not deceiued the Gentlewomanne following in this Treatiſe, if the ſugred hunger of golde had not blinded hir, it coulde not haue bin knowne wherein hir inconſtancie conſiſted, not in the minion delites and alluring toyes of a paſſionate Louer, but in the couetous deſire of filling hir purſe, and hypocriticall glorye of praiſe a-

mongs menne : Notwithstanding, you shall see the gaine whiche shee made, to serue hir turne nothing at all, but to the perpetuall reproche of hir name, and raysed a slaunder, suche as ill speakers and enimies of womenkinde do burden that sex withall. But the fault of one whiche by hir owne presumption disceiued hir selfe, ought not to obscure the glorie of so manye vertuous, faire, and honest dames, who by their chastitie, liberalitie and curtesie, bee able too deface the blot of follie, couetousnesse, and crueltie of this Gentlewoman heere, and of all other that doe resemble hir : notwithstanding in the ende reconciling hir selfe, and abhorring the foolishe fantasie of hir former life, with an ordinarie greefe of him whiche serued hir for a spurre too hir conscience, and continually forced hir too thinke, that the force of a man is lesse than nothing where God worketh not by his grace, who failing in us, our workes can sauor but of the stenche and corruption of our nature, wherein it tumbleth and tosseth as the Sow in the puddles of dirt and mire. This breefe discourse giueth lessons vnto Louers to auoide the immoderate pangues of loue, it doth Prog-

ne[illegible] the indiscretion of promised pe-

naunce, it warneth to beware all vnseemely heastes, least the penalties of couetousnesse, and vaineglory be incurred, whiche shall manifest it selfe, if you marke the sense thereof in Reading. And that the same might the more delighte thee, I haue turned it into simple verse, according as my capacitie woulde serue, but notwithstanding take it in worth, which I know to be full of errors, and not so eloquent as you require, nor so delectable as I wold desire.

Thus greeting thee, I bid thee farewell.

VVIthin the reach of *Europe* land
a pleasant soyle there is,
Which *Thurin* hight, a Citie faire,
abounding in great blisse,
Whose pastoys greene, *Euridanus*
doth moysten with his Pole,
The skorching haste of Titans flames,
this pleasant streame doth cole:
The breath whereof doth meze mens eyes
when they the same do biew,
That eche wight to inhabite there,
doth dayly seeke and sue.
Wherein there dwelt a widowe faire,
and Zilia was hir name,
Whose comely port and princely face,
did merite lasting fame.
So beautifull of face shee was,
so feat of lim and ioynt,
That sure a woꝛld it is to see
hir shape from point to point
So comely to be knit:
foꝛ wit she bare the bel,
Hir comely shape, al other wights
foꝛ beautie did excel.
But yet one slayned spot
hir body did defile,
Whose haggard wonts, & churlishe deedes
at length did hir begile.

Who went astray from natures course,
and therby lost hir name:
Hir cruell gests and foolish deedes
did bring hir to disdaine:
When Atropos hir leche liues threede
with knife had cut in twaine,
For whom she did Lament and mourne,
with sorowe greefe and paine.
Shee bent hir selfe hir house to decke
with toyling paine and greefe,
As spinning carding and such like
to finde hir selfe releefe.
Wheras before she largely gaue,
now she doth couet all,
Hir bountie great, hir courteous giftes.
are turned now to thrall.
Hir maides she doth employ with worke,
though she possesse great lande.
Shee thought that nothing wel was done,
that came not through hir hand.
A thing truely of more great praise,
than for to viewe our dames,
Whose fine and daintie fingers lothe
to suffer any paines.
Who thinke their honors to be staind
if once they do but holde
Their noses ouer their houshold things,
who wil not be controlde.

Wher-

Whereas their hands were requisite
to helpe at time of neede,
And they in place, their businesse
might be dispatcht with speede.
Let Lucrece life a myrror be
to those which vse that rate,
Not running forth to feastes and games,
nor with yong girles to prate.
Not fondly gadding heere and there,
nor masking in the night,
But with hir maides to spin and carde,
it was hir whole delight.
Shee did regarde hir honor more
than so to spend hir time:
All which our widow Zilia did,
as Poetes do define.
She would not once at feastes be seene,
nor seldome come abrode:
Unlesse to Church she did repaire
as writers do recorde,
Shee would not with the daintie dames
to gardens once resort,
Nor to such place where pleasure was
nor any place of sport.
Shee seemde as though she studied
the *Egiptian* law to vse,
Because she would not get reproche,
nor yet hir selfe abuse.

They

They paint before dame Venus mouth,
a bright and shining kay,
Wherby they meane, that silence did
hir guide in perfect way:
And at hir feet a Tortus plast,
wherby they did deuise,
That wandring forth and straying oft,
was not hir vse nor guise.
This practise vsed Zilia,
whose tong was tyde from talke,
Whose footesteps eke were not at large
abrode the streetes to walke.
Shee seemd so religious,
as though nought were amisse,
She made it straunge and very coy
to yelde from hir a kisse
To any wight, which curtesie
til this day doth remaine,
That women ought with chastly kisse,
eche wight to entertaine,
But let vs leaue hir for a while,
and marke what chanced then,
With snarling traps how Cupid oft
therein doth tangle men.
There dwelt hard by that *Thurin* towne
a Lord of great renoune,
Who Philiberto had to name,
in welth he did abounde.

Of *Virle* Countrey he was Lord,
a man expert in warre,
By dint of swoorde his foes to quel,
whose glory reached farre.
It hapned thus, that at the Church
where Zilia did resort,
This noble Lord was there likewise
in comely state and port.
Whose daseling eyes by hap did view
this widowes worthy face,
Hir lively hewe did please his minde,
his port and lovely grace.
Whose humors fed with fantasie,
and pleasde with Cupides game,
Could not withdrawe those fixed eyes
from that his noble dame.
The venomed shaft of Cupides bowe
did take in him such place,
That all his soundest partes of minde
were trapt in woful case.
Thus al the morning viewing wel
hir grace and comely port,
Shee made no more account of him
than of the meanest sort.
The seruice done, he thought the Priest
made very great post hast,
For now vpon his noble dame
his eyes he might not cast.

But

But comming home, of standers by
he did enquire his name,
Who ceased not without delay
to shewe to him the same.
His stubberne state and churlish deedes
to tel they did not spare,
His greedy minde and coyly lookes
to him they do declare.
He hearing this, was al in dumps,
not knowing what to say,
He thought his sute would not prevaile,
but gets him streight away,
And to his chamber he doth wend,
and layes him on his bed,
Ten thousande thoughtes & careful greekes
molest his troubled hed.
But baiting yet him selfe with hope,
and tickled eke with loue,
This widowes heart what so did chance
he minded was to proue.
And thus he did him selfe devise
to loue his beautie still,
That through long service he might get
at length of her his will.
He now the Churc doth oft frequent,
and seemes a holy state,
And all to viewe the Princely port
of his beloued mate.

At length he prickt with fiery heat,
tooke courage stout and bolde,
And in the Church to speake to hir
his heart was nothing colde:
He often did conduct hir home,
that he hir heart might win:
But now as farre from that he sought
as when he did begin.
For if of loue he spake to hir,
she streight wold turne hir tale,
And talke to him of houshold things
which made his heart to quaile.
Thus they of sundry mindes,
and diuers eke in thought,
Did not to others talke giue eare
which he full dutly tought.
Thus voide of hope he partes,
whose cheerefull lookes be dasht.
His reddy cheekes be turnde to pale,
his spirites were all agast.
This bashfull wight comes home
and rues his woful plight,
Bycause he could no fauour finde
before his Ladies sight.
Yet once againe conceiuing hope
of that he did desire,
Constrained through the parching heat
of Cupides burning fire,

He

He thus deuised with him selfe,
to frame his matters so,
Unto a woman there hard by
he minded for to go,
Who was familiar with his dame:
to hir he would complaine,
And tel hir of his woful plight
that she might ease his paine.
Thus thinking, forth he goes,
and tels his woful state,
Unto the wight who gaue hir eare
vnto his wretched fate.
He tolde hir al his woe,
his sorow, greefe, and paine,
Wherfore to be releast of those
he would be glad and faine:
Shee marked wel his woful plight,
of loue shee had good skill:
Who knewe what meates they feed vpon
that are at Venus will.
Shee knewe the entermingled drugs
and the deceitful wine,
That Cupide quaffes vnto the guestes
with Venus that do dine.
Shee therefore knowing his disease
and waying al his greefe,
Did promise for to ease his woe
and get him some releefe,

If shee might knowe the wight,
that so his hart did loue,
Shee would put to hir helping hand
that matter for to proue.
Oh Zilia, Zilia, shee it is
with doleful tune he cries:
Therefore with present remedy,
to help be hir desires.
And that she woulde betwixt them bothe,
an intercessour stande:
Whose paines should wel rewarded be,
with siluer, golde or lande.
Mine onely hope doth rest in you,
my comfort and delight
Doth all depend of you (he sayes)
to get that princely wight,
And I your souldiour here,
am prest to doe your will.
In right or wrong to take your part,
and stil your best fulfil.
This saide he holdes his peace,
and she with mourning cheare,
Was wrapt in woe, and did lament
his doleful case to heare.
For shee full well did knowe
that shee would not consent,
Whose stubborne nature was so fierce,
that shee d[illegible] not present

His cause before her state,
leaſt ſhee rebuke ſhould gaine:
Therefore of this requeſt and ſute
ſhe would be rid full faine.
But waying wel his plight,
and yelding ayde to him,
She would (ſhe ſayde) do that for him
that might be done therein.
But yet ſhee ſtill perſwaded him
for to ſucceſſe his loue,
But all in vaine, his harte was fixt
that none coulde it remoue.
He doth his neighbour now intreat
a letter for to beare,
Unto his loue, to giue the ſame
and naught at all to feare.
Which ſhe with othe did promiſe him:
wherefore ſhe bad him write,
Without delay or tract of time
this letter to endite.
Then to his cloſet he
doth go, and pen doth take:
And on this wiſe he did deuiſe
his letter for to make.

The Letter of Seignior Philiberto, vnto mistresse Zilia.

The death with trenchant dart
doth breede in my breast such ill,
That I cannot forget the smart
that thereby riseth still:
Yet nerethelesse since that I am
the ill it selfe in deede,
That death with dayly dolours deepe
within my brest doth breede:
I am your lasting thrall,
and yet I doe not knowe
If you beare me good will at all,
or if you loue, or no.
My wounde is made so large
with bitter woe in brest,
That still my heart prepares a place
to lodge a carefull guest.
Oh dame, thou hast my life
and death at thy desire,
Come ease my minde, where fancies
doe burne like *Aetna* fire. (flames
For wanting thee, my life
is death and dolefull cheere,
And finding fauour in thy sight,
my dayes are happie heere.

The God that made my soule
and knowes what I haue felt,
Who causeth sighs and sorowes oft
the sely soule to swelt,
Doth see my torments now,
and what I suffer still,
And vnderstands I taste more greefe
than I can shewe by skill.
To thee faire dame I cry
that makst my senses erre,
And plantest peace full nere my hart,
and then makst sodaine warre.
Yet at thy pleasure still
thou mayest my soure make sweete,
In graunting me the right good will
for faithfull louers meete.
Which fauour if I get,
vnto my noble minde,
I doe remaine a gally slaue,
as thou by proofe shalt finde.
And so thou shalt release
my hart from cruel bands,
If I may get the worthy peace,
that yeelde into thy hands.
So rendring all to thee,
the Gods may ioyne vs both
In one true league of vnitie,
through force of constant trothe.

Then

Then shalt thou mistresse be
of life, of lim and all:
My golde, my honour, lande and fee
shal be so at thy call.
¶ This letter closde, he gaue to her,
which shee with speede did take:
He wylled her to pray his dame,
an answere for to make.
When he hys talke had finished,
his corps on bed he laid:
But at the last his eyes burst out
with teares, and thus he said.
Oh God that rules the skyes,
in whom my trust doth lie:
And thou (oh God) which chiefest art
aboue the golden skye:
And thou oh Lady dere,
oh Venus by thy name,
Vouchsafe my woful cry to heare,
thy captiue do not blame,
Though that alwayes I sought
thy force for to withstand:
Yet now I feele the waighty force
of Cupid thy sonnes hande,
Take pitty now therefore,
sith that a captiue I,
Cannot preuaile, yet giue me salue
to cure my misery.

Thus he with dolefull cheere
did wayle and rue his case,
And none but widowe Zilia
could in his heart take place.
But let vs leaue him here
oppreſt with griefe and paine,
And vnto widowe Zilia
let vs returne againe.
Who hard at worke, when as ſhe ſaw
her neighbour comming in:
She ſkant would lift hir from her ſtoole
where ſhe as then did ſpin.
Her neighbour ful of curteſy
layde ſhe would with her ſpeake,
Who quick and ſhort deſired her
with haſt her minde to breake.
She not prolonging time, began
with teares and dolefull cheere,
To tell the ſute and woful caſe
of her moſt noble peere.
She tolde her all his griefe and paine
was onely for her ſake:
Deſiring her, with willing minde
for to become his make.
And there withall drew forth
the letter which ſhe had,
The ſame preſenting vnto her
with countenance very ſad,

Deſiring

Desiring her to read the same,
and streight an answere sende
Unto the wight, within whose hart
great cares and greefe be pende.
The matter lyes in you
his life to saue or spill,
Unlesse you graunt to his request
through greefe his hart you kil.
Let pity therefore reigne
within your tender brest,
And shewe some fauour to the wight
the which doth loue you best.
This said, she holdes her peace:
the widowe then began
With frowning face and egre lokes,
and thus her talke did frame:
Your talke I listned wel vnto,
but yet I doe not proue:
Your fonde intente misliketh me,
I minde not for to loue.
I meruayle much that you would once
so fondely speake to mee,
And to such loyall louers that
I should with hart agree:
I thought your wit had not bene such
to spend your time so ill,
Regarding nought your honeste,
nor how your name you spill.

It had bene more conuenient
for you to bene at home:
Than was to gad the streets about,
so fondly all alone.
My minde did throb to heare your talke,
mine eares began to glowe:
To heare your wordes, which at the first
I thought had not bene so.
For if I had, I would at once
vnto your talke giue eare:
To speake to me of such fonde things
I neyther would forbeare.
But yet his letter I will reade,
to heare his foolishe minde,
And of his fonde pretenced will,
to see what I can finde.
Then shee began to reade,
as you before did heare:
And being red, her ruddy cheekes
were chaunged to heauy cheare.
Her rosy colour pale,
her spirites were all agast:
This louely letter whilde shee red,
it made her al abasht
But taking courage bolde,
and plucking vp her spirites
Did argue thus, that shee did not
esteeme of those delites,

But pausing yet a while,
shee felt a wondrous chaunge
Within her brest, now loue, nowe rage
within her corps to raunge.
Her colour chaunged oftentimes,
these twaine brought hir such paine:
But yet the ruddy raynt did come
into her face agayne,
With no lesse hue and shyning cheere,
than when the blowmed Rose
Is newly sprouted forth, then pale
away with trice it goes.
But rancour taking place
within this widowes brest:
Both loue and lowly letter shee
did vtterly detest.
Then turning to the messenger,
sher thus to her did speake:
I thought that you would not haue sought
my chastitye to break,
Nor go about a thing so fond,
whereby great shame might rise:
I truly thought that you had bene,
more sober, sage and wise.
Why should you thus now go about
to get my whole consent:
That euer since my husband dyed,
did seeke loue to prevent?

But

Hath any light behauiour
of you in me bene seene,
That to consent vnto your beast
at all you once might deeme?
I think not so, why should you then
presume or be so bolde
With foolishe talke and fonde desire
suche things for to vnfolde?
But trust to this, the onely loue
which I to you doe beare,
Doth make me nowe keepe those thing
which I would not forbeare
Vnto no wight, except to you:
therfore no more of this,
But leaue your foolishe enterprise,
for naught and fonde it is.
Let it suffice in time to come
for you therefore I say,
To thinke and stedfastly beleeue
that I am chast alway.
And bid the Lord of Italie
leaue of and fonde desire,
And bid him likewise not at all
my chastitie require.
For this I chuse vnto my self,
that I will rather dye,
Than to fulfill his lusting will
my selfe I would applye.

And that the same be wel mayknowe,
let him be sure of this,
That of his priuate talke he had
with me, be now shall misse.
Nowe therefore get you home,
and talke no more of him:
Whose amorous toyes and fayned wors
I set not by a pin.
The woman when she heard her wordes,
being pinched to the quicke.
Whose bashy words and cruell lookes
her hart full sore did pricke,
She thus did speake with quiet wordes,
the Gods with hasty speede,
Sende present helpe vnto you both
who haue thereof great neede:
Whose sickenesse and diseases bothe
are hardly healde to be,
Unlesse the Gods from out the skyes
doe sende some remedy.
And saying thus, shee parts,
and streight shee commeth home,
And findes her Lord vppon his bed
with heauy cheere to grone.
Who seemed rather to be dead
than for to be on liue.
For that his cares and nipping greefes
away he could not driue.

And

But

But loking on his neighbour then,
who was returnde againe:
When that he saw her heauy cheere
he cryed out amayne,
And would not lisl vnto her wordes,
but wrapt in carefull woe,
Lamented sore his heauy case,
whose wordes they sounded so:
O thou vnlucky man,
whom fortune fauours nought:
The loue of her who loues thee not,
thou hast ful derely bought.
Thou payest well for pleasures past
great vsury and gaine:
For now in stead of wonted ioyes,
thou suffrest double paine.
Thy liberty thou haddest once,
but nowe in bondage kepte,
And for thy pleasures and delites,
great cares and greefes be left.
Thrice happy hadst thou bene,
if hir thou hadst not seene:
And if hir name thou neuer heardst,
thou mightst haue blessed bene.
But sith the cruel destinyes,
doe weaue for thee such woe,
Thou needs must languishe in distresl
it is decreed so.

T

Then speaks he to the messenger,
(who did with teares bewaile)
His woful state, but yet his griefe
his teares could naught auaile.
Doth Zilia take in gratefull wise
the letter that I sent:
And did shee take them thankfully,
when them you did present?
I knowe not so, wherefore great wrong
to you I nowe haue done,
For now your wonted company
I knowe that she will shun.
Ah fickle loue, what fole is he
that doth him selfe commit
Unto thy rage, and fury fell
that lasteth such a fit?
The glistring shew of Sunny beames,
at first did bring my ioy:
But now the darke and foggy mist
doth worke me great anoy.
I sayled first with prosperous winde,
but stormes did come at last:
Who in the surge of foming seas,
my corps doe ouercast.
Wherefore an ende of my mishaps
I think I none shall haue,
Nor fauour yet of Mistresse mine,
the which my life would saue.

Then

Ah cruel wenche, what meanest thou
my soule thus to torment?
Who would my corps to doe thee good
for sacrifice present.
How doest thou measure the good will
of him that loues thee best?
Who for thy sake in night or day
for greefe can take no rest?
Oh that thy beauty once in thee
a fault so foule should see,
As to torment those louing wights
whiche prayse and honour thee.
Oh cruell and vnkindly deede,
those seruants to expell,
And set so little by the wight
that loues to serue thee wel.
O Basiliske so coloured
and pleasaunt to mans eye,
And yet within, the bitter gall
in secreate wise doth lye.
Whose poyson is dispersed now
throughout my woful brest,
That all my senses for to doe
their offices detest.
But yet and if I had some drug
to set my harte at ease,
These greefes, these sighs and sobbings o
I should ful soone appease.

Then for the dame that breeds my woe
I would not sute nor sue.
But yet I feele and also proue
this sentence to bee true:
No philick herbes that growes in field
the greefe of loue can cure,
Nor yet no drug that man inuents
that paine can well assure.
Alas the searecloth will not serue
to tent my wofull wound:
To launche the same I thinck in vaine
my greefe should then abound.
But to be short, no dressing can
so fit for me be founde,
Except the hand of her alone
that gaue to me my wound.
But woulde to God she sawe the depth
and bottome of my harte,
And bewde the closet of my minde,
and how I suffer smarte:
That she might iudge my constant faith,
and knowe the wrong I beare.
Her rigorous deeds and frowarde wil
doe put me in great feare.
But oh vnhappy man, I feele
that I shall nothing gaine,
For all her pleasures and delights
doe rest vpon my paine:

Her ease vpon my woe,
her ioy vppon my greefe:
My sobbing teares, my groning sighes
doe bring to hir releefe.
And saying thus, he sore did weepe
and sighed oft betweene,
The Christall drops ran downe his cheeks
as he a childe had bene.
The woman standing by him there,
and seeing all his paine,
Shee vewing well his wofull plight,
no longer would remaine.
Shee pitied so his case
and did lament his woe:
That she from teares could not abstain
to see him vexed so.
But then shee tolde the whole successe
of Philibert s issue,
Unto a Gentleman, who sayde
that he would try and proue
How he might get him helth,
whose freende and mate he was:
Who carefull was and lothe that he,
out of the worlde should passe.
He goeth for Phisicions
in cunning that excel:
Who with their drugs, & sweet preserues,
that they might make him wel:

And

And for to knowe the cause of greefe
that so doth him molest,
And eke of them to knowe what kinde
of medicines be best.
At last he brings Phisitions
his woful plight to see,
But none alas is there can tell
to cure his malady.
The gentleman doth weepe and wayle,
hys wofull friende to see:
At last of them he doth enquire,
if any helpe there bee.
To whom they answere make
with heavy bending cheere,
That nought but death in him at all
to their sight did appeare,
For liuely blood was gone,
his pulses did not beat,
His limbs wax starke for wont of bloude
and lacke of liuely heat:
His senses do denie
their offices to doo,
His breath doth faile, and men do looke
but death for to ensue.
Thus they dispayring of his helth,
and thinking he would die,
Of money store they hauing then
do leaue hym by and by.

Which when his friendly mate did see,
he could no way deuise
How he might get againe his helth
by any kinde of wise.
He trudged home to Zelia,
desiring her to shew
Some pity to the Lorde of Virle,
but still shee did say no.
He proffred gifts and promises,
but all could not preuaile:
Which when he saw, her stubborne stat.
he did lament and waile.
And did not knowe vnto what Saint
for succour he might go:
It greeued him to see his friend
so wrapt in careful woe.
But in the ende, he did deuise
to go to her againe,
That was the former messenger,
that she might ease his paine.
And for his purpose finding her,
he spake with doleful cheere:
O mistresse mine mine onely ayde,
I pray you now come neere:
I maruel much that of the might
you make so small account,
Who for such wights in woful case
a ready helpe was wont.

If

If any pitty reigne
within your tender breſt,
To helpe the wight that lies halfe dead
be ready bent and preſt:
Whoſe ſighes and teares do pitty mee
when I the ſame do beare,
Whoſe ſhrikes & grones, whoſe carefull (mone
do much abate my cheare.
The Gods do knowe (quoth ſhe)
if I could tel what way,
To eaſe his woe, or ſhorten greefe,
the ſame I would aſſay.
But yet to him, I ſtraight wil wend,
and promiſe him, that I
With careful head and haſty ſpeede
will get ſome remedy:
Which may his paſſion perchance apeaſe,
and then I will debate,
How that our promiſe we may keep
to eaſe his woful ſtate.
Thus both at once they go,
the patient for to ſee:
Who when he ſaw his meſſenger
he thought him ſafe to bee,
Still thinking that ſhe would
an intercceſſour ſtand,
And for to eaſe his pyning greefe
ſhe ſhould put to hir hand.

But thus to hir he sayde:
take pitty on the wight
Which lies in darkneſſe, and would faine
obtaine the ſhining light.
I meane, ſeeke to aſwage
my woe and nipping greefe:
Seeke to appeaſe my groning ghoſt,
and get me ſome releeſe.
This sayd ſhee speaks to him,
I knowe not what you meane
Thus to torment your ſelfe with woe
as we haue plainly ſeene,
I truſt ere Phœbus twice
his banner do diſplay,
And for the cleere and ſhining light
doth make a perfecte way,
To bring the thing about
whereby great ioy may riſe
To you: thus I through cunning ſkill
this matter will deuiſe,
That you with hir ſhal ſpeake
on whom you ſo complayne,
So that to hir with courage bolde
you may declare your payne.
How pleaſant is your talke to me?
how dulcet be your wordes?
To ſpeake vnto that princely wight
I would ſpend all my goods.

The

These lieours you would haue me call
for faithful louers meete,
Which superficially do seme
for to be very sweete,
But afterwards, do make my life
more wrapt in feeble case
Than at the first, which wil with cares
my senses all vnlace.
What do you then dispayre (quoth shee)
and trust not to my words?
You shall of troth go speake with her,
without the lesse of goods.
Take therfore courage holde,
and arme your selfe with hope:
And thanke me at such time, when as
you haue vnto hir spoke.
Oh mistresse mine, I craue no more
of your wel helping hand:
Than if before the presence of
hir grace, I once might stande,
To heare if shee will graunt
vnto my whole desire,
Or else deny the whole contents
of that I do require.
My weakenesse now decayes,
my strength it comes againe,
And eke the ioyfull wordes you speake
do shorten al my paine.

My lively blood reuiues my spirites,
my pulses now do beat,
My limbs ware strong, my breath ware
through force of lively heat. (long
Now could I walke abrode
to see that princely wight,
For whom my hart desireth so
to take of him a sight.
Content your self (quoth shee)
and set your heart at ease:
I trust to worke such meanes, that I
will heale your whole disease.
Then taketh she his leaue,
and vnto Zilia goes:
Wherby she might incontinent
asswage his careful woes.
And meeting him at Church,
she thus to him did speake:
Take pitty on the silly wight
that is both faint and weake:
Let him not die remediesse,
but pitty now his case,
And from all greefe and heauy cheere
his hart do nowe vnlace.
Your onely presence would make glad
his faint and pensiue harte,
Who for your loue in greeuous wise
doth suffer heauy smarte.

I

It pitieth me to see
him languishe in distresse,
And so long time with sighes and grones
to lie remedilesse:
He sleepeth not at all,
but wayleth al the night,
His spirites be gon, his blood dryed by,
he wanteth force and might.
The pangs of death drawe nie
vnlesse your ayde to come
Therefore vnto the wight oppresst
with cares, shew fauour some.
Then Zilia which did not before
regarde his wofull greefe,
Did not relent, and purposed
to shewe him some releefe.
I thought (quoth shee) this suite was done,
vntill that yesterday,
A gentleman did come to me,
who, now as you, did lay.
But seeing he is worse and worse,
I wil be rulde by you:
And I wil seeke to ease his woe,
for which you now do sue.
For this I knowe, your honestie
and faith it is so greate:
That you will nought require of me
but that which shalbe meete.

And when you shall do what you can,
you naught shal win of me,
For to his fonde and foolishe minde
I neuer will agree.
No priuate facte I will commit
with him, this is moste sure,
Nor yet wil breake my chastitie
while my life doth endure.
But shew your counsel yet in this,
how shall I once deuise
To go to hym without suspect
wherby no shame might rise?
I rather had to suffer death
than so to get me shame,
The people will suspect, and so
I quite shal losse my name.
But rather let him come
to morrow home to me,
And in a chamber here belowe,
I there wil ready be.
The messenger did thank hir then,
and to his chamber went,
Who then about the same did walk,
whose hearte to ioyes was bent.
She did recount to him the whole
the which the widowe sayde,
These tidings which to him shee told
they made him well apayde,

As

Is when a man hath loſt
ſome iewel rich of priſe,
With beauy hart and penſiue minde
he doth begin to riſe.
And ſo the iewel great
he ſeeketh rounde about,
And neuer ceaſeth til that he
that iewel hath found out
And when that he hath found
the ſame, vp to the ſkies
He lifts his hands, the ioyes wherof
makes ſtreames run downe his eyes
So Philiber to now,
with teares he biets his face:
And ſtretching out his paineful armes
the woman doth embrace.
If life he ſayes you wil
commaund, I will obay
By life or death, or what thing elſe
if it pleaſe you to ſay.
And while that life this corps
ſhall fyl enioy and haue,
I am the knight that ſhall performe
what thing you beg or craue.
And here I binde me to
your minde, your man to bee
At all aſſaies, without delay
to do that pleaſeth yee.

Thus sayd, she takes hir leaue
and to hir house doth go:
But he in ioy and blisse abounds
before oppress with woe.
So now the pleasant dew
of heauen begins to fall,
And eche man for his rest to take
perswadeth therwithal.
The siluer sky of hue,
the darksome shades of night
Doth couer clean the Sun and day
descended out of sight,
And glistring starres do decke
the pole of heauen so hie,
And nature gins his rest to crane,
with heauy pensiue eye.
Thus Philiberto torn,
his rest to take doth go,
And wisheth that faire Lilia
were there, so none might knowe.
He rolles, he turnes and tosseth,
with dreaming often to:
One while he thinketh on his loue,
an other while to do
Some pretty feat, so that
he his desire might haue,
Another while he counteth on
his honour for to saue.

Thus

Thus on this wise he spends
and drives the night away,
Untill such time as Phœbus did
his banner forth display.
At length Aurora doth
the bed of Titan flie.
And gins to shewe hir christall face
aboue the silver skie.
And Phœbus he him selfe,
his golden head doth shewe,
Lifting him selfe from out the waues
our Orison to blowe.
And with his fiery chaire
is flowne into the sky,
With sunny beames, that none delights
within his bed to lie.
He gladsome of the light, from out
his weary bed doth rise:
And decks his selfe with trim aray
after his wonted guise.
And walking vp and downe
within his chamber, he
Beginneth in his minde to rolle
of hir the great beauty.
And doth hir state compare
to Venus comely glee:
And yet within him selfe he sayes
much fairer loe is shee

Than comely Didoes grace
or Thisbies beautie bright,
Or Helens eke that *Grecian* dame
so faire and princely wight.
Thus passed he the time
which seemed long to him:
He euery houre did thinke a yere
til he with hir had bin.
This is the force of loue,
whose sting once taking place
Cannot againe recouered be
in any kind of case.
Unlesse the helpe do come
from them that cause the same,
Whose eye lids shut with fansies flames
they do regard no shame.
What paines would they indure
for their true louers sake,
Who would their liues in hazarde put
causing their foes to quake?
Achilles champion stout,
what time in *Troy* he law
Polixena, he did desire
to be the sonne in law,
To Priamus that king
in *Troy* of great renowne.
Sir Paris eke the worthyest knight
that was in *Ilyon* towne,

His

His brother Hector saw
to *Greece* his passage toke,
His Aunt the faire Exione
within their courts to loke.
But being taken with
the fiery cleauing dart
Of Helena the queene, whose sight
did pierce him to the harte,
That maugre all their heads
to ship the Dame he bare,
And hoysing vp his sayles
to *Troy* he gan so fare.
So if that Cupid durst
these champions stout assaile:
What boted them for to resist
when nought they could preuaile?
To striue against the streame
is labour lost in vaine,
The more he striues, the more increaseth
his dolour and his paine.
The noble Pyramus
him selfe for Thisby slue,
Bycause he thought that he was cause
of breaking faith so true.
Thus if these did as here
ful oft we haue heard say,
For to preuent this loue we ought
not once to giue assay.

This

This knight did taste the same
as wel his pangs and sweet,
The fiery dart of Cupids bowe
his senses perced so.
But now the long desired houre
is come that he must goe,
Shee loketh and abides for him
within the rome belowe.
Now comming to the wished place
of his beloued dame,
He thought not on his former greefes,
which he abode with paine.
Hir unkinde wordes were quite forgot,
his minde was bent to ioy:
The torments which he felt before,
his hart did not anoy.
Thus entring in the place
which shee appointed had,
She there in place in comely wise
with vestures faire was clad.
When she did him espie
accompanied with sir mayde,
With simple cheere and welcome colde,
on this wise to him sayde
With fayned ioy, which moued not
his hart: I see (quoth she)
Your late disease was not so ill
as it was tolde to mee,

For

For now the good estate
and helth that you possesse,
Doth make me iudge the contrary,
and so I truely gesse.
The which henceforth shall make me
the greefe that men endure, (iudge
Is onely through their fayned woes,
the thing for to allure
The which their heart desires,
they hauing then their wil,
No longer doe regarde the same
but wil detest it stil.
To loking glasses therefore, I
do make them equal here,
Which al be it they make excesse,
of presentthings to appere,
Yet when the thing once seene doth passe,
and vanishe quite away,
The formes out of our memory,
do likewise go astray.
Ah madame, answered hee,
how easy a thing it is,
The greefelesse wight to counterfaite
both loyes and fained blisse,
Which only the conceit may not
that moues his minde detest,
But the object must bide in him
as painted in his brest:

Which

Whiche to a glasse may likened be,
I meane not such a one
As fayned shapes presented there,
so quickly should be gone,
Without the leaning of the trace
of some imprinted marke
Within the minde of him, which shape
stands stedfast in his harte.
Then in the mirrour which
through cause of bidden might
Is ardent, haue I seene a shape
which is my whole delight.
It wrought within my hart.
with feruent burning heate,
Which boyling in my tender brest
my corps it made to sweate.
Oh madame thinke not then
I fained my disease,
Still thinking and deuising both
how I your grace might please.
I therefore count my selfe as whole,
obaying still your minde:
To run or ride where so you please
you shall me ready finde.
I nought esteeme the same (quoth she)
you nought at all shal neede
To take such trauaile for my sake,
leaue off therefore with speede

Your foolish wordes, and talke no more
of such fond things to me:
Your manners with your comely state,
they do not well agree.
O dame haue you determined
for to torment me so,
To bring againe the pangs of death,
to double eke my woe:
Who willing is to sacrifice
his body for your sake,
If once into my seruice, you
would him vouchsafe to take?
It greeueth mee to see
your heauenly beauty neat,
To make a profe of cruelties,
so horrible and great.
What? do you thinke and still conceiue,
that I my greefe do fayne?
And do you still coniecture, that
I vse dissembled paine,
Alacke the teares which I haue shed,
the losse of lust to late,
The weary night, the sleepelesse limes,
not able skant to speake,
May well assure my loyal hart
is better worthy prayse
Than you esteeme: seeke not O Dame
therfore to shorte my dayes.

He then beholding bir to fixe
bir eyes upon the ground:
He thought that he some fauour had
before his Lady found.
And thinking he the heart had won
of bir beloued grace,
He suffred teares to trickle downe,
alongs his blubbred face.
He thus his talke did prosecute:
Ob faire and gentle dame,
Would you with rage and furie fell
your beautie so bestaine?
As seeke the death of him
who loueth you so well:
And thinkes amids the troupe of dames,
you only beare the Bell?
This widowe, whether she did not
delite to heare him speake:
Or rather doubted in the ende
bir c astitie to breake:
Through his complaint & wayling cheere,
least he a breache should make,
For to prevent the same, therfore
with egre wordes she speake:
You now haue talkt inough,
by wordes and writings eke:
And for to breake my chastitie
you practise stil and seeke:

Hitherto haue suffred you
my patience to abuse:
And yet the longer that you talke,
the more you me misuse.
I shewde that kindnesse vnto you,
which they do not deserue,
That would the chast like breake of those
that minde it to preserue.
You cuitate with sugred wordes,
my person to beguile,
But yet I wel inough perceiue
your craft and subtil wile.
You would depriue me of the thing
which you can not restore:
With faltring wordes and wily wayes,
still seeking more and more.
Which shall henceforth a warning be,
about my selfe to loke,
And to despise those chaunting charmes
of the Enchaunters booke:
Least I by opening still mine eare
to such fond talke as yours:
Be not at length belde fast therin,
and bide while life endures.
For to conclude, I you desire
to ende this finall talke,
To moue the same to me no more
but hence away to walke.

For by my Faith, no favor more
to you I minde to showe,
Than I have done, therefore of this
now let us have no moe:
And if that you do still proceede,
this follie to maintaine,
I will with speede to your great harme,
redresse seeke for the same.
Content your selfe therefore,
my minde for thus it is:
For of these things which I have spoke,
nought shall be done amisse.
This luckelesse man, when he had heard
this sentence, straight was mute:
Pretending with this wilful dame,
no longer to dispute.
And then stode still like to a Saint
that was both deafe and dumme:
His spirites agast to mummers like,
which nothing say but mumme.
At length he set dispaire aside,
his senses came agayne:
He spake to her with little cheere,
abiding greefe and paine.
Sith it is so, Oh Ladie faire,
you take from me all hope.
And sith of your meere curtesie,
I shal not get on lope.

And ſith that from your preſence now,
I needes muſt hence depart,
Who of al wights that are on liue,
are next vnto my hart:
Whoſe eyes perchaunce ſhall neuer ſee,
your perſon once againe:
But languiſhe in diſtreſſe and greefe,
and ſo to die in paine.
Denie not this my whole requeſt,
which I to you do tell:
But yelde a kiſſe now for a pledge,
of this our laſt farewel.
In ſecrete nothing I demaunde,
but which you may fulfil,
In open wiſe, and yet your name
you needes not for to ſpill.
This is the whole requeſt
that I of you deſire:
Performe the ſame therefore, O Dame,
which I of you require.
Let all my paynes and greefes,
ſome recompence obtaine,
The ſame of you I now deſire,
which are the guid of gaine.
The ſpiteful dame enuironed
with rage and cruell ſpite,
Spake thus to him, whoſe torments were
to hir a great delite.

I streight will see if that the loue
you vaunt to beare to me,
Wherein you stand so steadfastly,
if that it stable be.
Ah madame (sayd the louer then)
the word do once but speake,
Then shal you see how circumspect
I am the same to keepe.
Yea though I should bestow my life
your best for to fulfil,
I neuer would disclose the same,
but keepe your secrets still.
You then shal haue the kisse quoth she,
which of me you desire:
If you will sweare to do the same
that I of you require.
The wilful louer then did say,
I witnesse God do make,
I will not leane one iote vndone,
of that I vndertake.
He vowing with affection great
his true and plighted faith:
His whole request and his desire
hee now shal haue (she sayth.)
And saying so, she did embrace
that louely corpse of his:
In louing wise vppon hir lips,
he doubled kisse on kisse.

This

This man not knowing with what price
he now had bought the kisse,
He held her still betweene his armes,
as one in heauenlye blisse.
And he thus still embracing her,
he thought his soule did flie
Up to the heauens, remayning still
aboue the starrie skie.
The poysned Balme which he did sucke
out of her sugred breath,
Did ioy his heart so much, that he
did not esteeme of death.
She parting then his armes,
to him she thus did speake:
You must kepe trouth as I haue done,
and not your statute breake,
Which is, that in three yeares
you to no wight no speake,
For this nor that, in any wise
my statute do not breake,
For if that you so do, no wight
for your sake I will trust:
But I wil compte you still a man
periured and vniust.
But certes now I leaue to you
this storie that do heare:
And if this straunge request would not,
put any man in feare.

He was yet so religious,
so stoute of heart withall:
That he would keepe and subiect be,
to that his cruell thrall.
He then began to play the part
of them which do seeme dum,
Like the mummers at mum chaunce
by signes he crieth mum,
And shewes by tokens, that
his head he would obay:
And doing reuerence to his,
he gets him life away,
And fained he had lost his speech,
by meanes he burst some vaine,
Whereby the Rheume or Catar, dyd
distil from out his braine.
He setting stay for his affaires,
prouiding for his traine.
He made him ready to departe
to *France* for al his paine.
Which for the pleasant aire,
all Countreys doth excel:
For wealth and plenty of all things
it only beares the bel.
But yet before he went,
a letter he did write
To Zilia, with cunning skill
the same he did endite.

He

He gaue it to a Page,
to hir the same to beare:
Shee toke the same, and brake the seale,
and red as you shal heare.

¶ The Letter sent by Philiberto Lord of Virle, to ZILIA vvidovv.

The roaring tempest huge,
which thou hast made me felt:
The raging stormes, wherof as now
well neere my hart hath swelt,
By paineful panges, whose waltring waues,
by thicke and troubled skies,
And thousands blastes of raging windes,
that in those seas do rise
Do promise shipwracke sure,
of that thy sayling barke:
When after weather cleare, doth rise
some tempest foule and darke.
For either I or thou,
which art of Tigres kinde,
In that great storme and raging gulfe,
some danger sure shal finde.

Of that thy nature rude,
the destinies foes they bee:
And thy great ouerthrow full wel
they all the same foresee.
The heauens vnto my estate
no doubt great friendship shew,
They do deuise alwaies to ende
and finish all my woe.
The penaunce which I beare,
by yelding to thy heft,
Great store of ioyes shal heape to me,
and bring my minde to rest.
And when I am at ease,
amids my pleasant haps,
Then I do trust to see thee fal,
and snarld in fortunes traps.
Then shall I see thee ban
and curse the wicked time,
Wherin thou madest me to gulpe
such draught of poisned wine.
By which thy mortall cup
I am the offred wight,
And eke a vowed sacrifice
to that thy cruel spite.
Wherfore my hoping heart
doth hope to see the day,
That thou for this thy silence newe
to me shalt be the praie.

O bleſſed God moſt iuſt,
(whoſe worthie laude and praiſe,
VVith vttred ſpeech in skies aloft,
I dare not once to raiſe:
And may not well pronounce
what ſ. ffaance I ſuſtaine:
Ne yet what death I do endure,
whiles I in life remaine.)
Take vengeaunce on that traytreſſe rude,
afflict hir corpſe with woe:
Thy holie arme redreſſe hir faults,
that ſhe no more do ſo:
My reaſon hath not ſo farre ſtraide,
but I may hope and truſt,
To ſee hir for hir wickedneſſe
be whipt with plague moſt iuſt.
In the meane while great heauyneſſe
my ſenſe and ſoule doth bite:
And ſhaking feuer vex my corpſe,
for greefe of hir diſpite.
My minde now ſet at libertie
from thee (O cruell dame)
Doth giue defiance to thy wrathe,
and to thy curſſed name,
Proclaiming mortal warre on thee,
vntil my tong vntide,
Shall ioy to ſpeake to Zilia,
faſt weeping by my ſide.

The heauens forbid that cauſeleſſe wrong,
abrode ſhould make his vaunt:
Or that an vndefiled death
forgetful Tombe ſhoulde haunte.
But that in written booke and verſe,
their names ſhould euer liue:
And eke their wretched deedes ſhould die,
and vertues ſtil reuiue.
So ſhall the pride and glory both,
of hir be puniſht right,
By length of yeares, and tract of time,
and I by vertues might,
Full recompence ſhal haue
and ſtande ſtill in good fame:
And ſhe like caitiue wretch ſhall liue
to hir long laſting ſhame.
Whoſe fonde regarde of beauties grace,
contemned hath the force
Of my true loue full fixt in hir:
hir hart voide of remorſe,
Eſteemde it ſelfe right fooliſhly,
and me abuſed ſtil,
Vſurping my good honeſt faith,
and credite at hir will.
Whoſe loyal faith doth reſt in ſoule,
and ſtil therein ſhall bide
Vntill in ſtincking filthy graue,
the earth my corpſe ſhal hide.

Then

Then shal the soule fraught with that faith,
to heauens make repayre,
And rest among the heauenly rout,
bedeckt with sacred aire.
And thou for thy great crueltie,
as God aboue doth knowe,
With rufful voyce shalt weepe and waile,
for thy great ouerthrowe.
And when thou wouldest purge thy selfe,
for that thy wretched deede:
No kindnesse shall to thee be done,
extreeme shal be thy meede.
And where my tong doth want at will
thy mischeefe to display:
My hand and pen supply the place,
and shall do so alway.
For so thou hast constrained me
by force of thy behest:
In silence stil my tong to keepe,
t'accomplish thy request.
Adew, farewel my tormenter,
thy foe that is ful mute,
Doth bid thee farewel once againe,
and thus he endes his sute.

He that liueth only to be
reuenged of thy crueltie.
Signior PHILIBERTO,
Lord of VIRLE.

Shee then disdaining al his wordes,
made therof but a iest:
She did reioyce to see the woe,
of that hir careful guest.
But let vs leaue hir, and to him
let vs returne againe,
Who iorneyd to ỹ coast of *France*,
leauing his spiteful dame.
Wher Charles the seuenth thē did raigne,
a Noble man in warre,
Whose warlike deedes & prowesse great,
extended very farre.
He chased out of all his lande,
by force the *English* rout,
Whose army then in *Gascoigne* lay,
the coast of *France* about.
And fortune fauored so that wight,
that he did ouercome
That nation fierce, and with his hoast
their campe did ouerrun.
He moving then to *Normandie*
his campe, that towne to win,
The which through force the *English* train
to holde, did then begin,
And viewing there this Lord of *Virle*
repayred therunto.
To serue the king at all assayes,
his prowesse eke to shewe,

Whose person of the Captaines
of this king was wel knowne,
Through dint of sweard, and mãly might
his fame was largely sowne.
They sorowed much to see him dumme,
that wight they loued so:
But they with him incontinent
vnto their king do go,
Presenting him vnto his grace,
commending eke his state:
Who for his vertue, force and might,
they sayde he had no mate.
He doing homage to the king,
by signes he did declare,
That for naught else, but him to serue
he thither did repayre.
He hearing this, did him embrace,
and did in heart reioyce:
For that to praise this Noble knight,
he heard his Captaines voyce.
In state he was so comely dight,
that else it could not bee,
But with his state his manly force
therewith should wel agree.
Which he ful well did surely shewe,
when *Roane* he did beseege:
The forteresse cheefe in *Normandie*,
to please his Noble leege.

He

He mounted firſt vpon the walles,
and made an open breache:
That all his boaſt, the *Engliſh* rout
might with their weapons reach.
And thus through force they draue them
through mighty ſtroke of hand. (forth
With that their guide of wiſedome ſuch
was ruler of the bande.
When newes came to the king his grace,
of this his noble knight,
And how he all the *Engliſh* hoſt
through force had put to flight,
Oh ſo he did reioyce in hart,
that he had ſuch a wight,
Within his court, whoſe dint of ſweard,
would put his foes to flight.
To recompence duely with gift,
he minded then his payne,
And did appoint, that chiefly he,
ſhould be his chamberleine.
He gaue to him a penſion great,
for to extol his name,
And would continue ſtill be ſayde,
for to encreaſe the ſame,
If he did ſee him proſecute
hys deedes as he begonn,
And venter ſtil ſuch enterpriſe
as he before had done.

In

This dumbe and speachlesse gentleman
gaue thanks vnto the king:
And to the skies to lift his hands,
he did in place begin.
Protesting that he would indure.
as long as life should last:
And rather than he would go backe
of Orcus he would taste.
His signes did much reioyce the king
and all his Noble rout,
To see his faith and vowed plights,
his courage strong and stoute.
Thus liued he in great renoune,
whose prayse extended farre:
For that his force and manly might
he did shewe forth in warre.
But being long in peace and rest,
a Iust the king did crie,
For to reioyce the Noble knights
that long in peace did lie.
He viewing then the warlike deedes
of this victorious Knight:
To see his courage and his force,
it did him much delight.
But then againe, his pensiue heart
it did molest and greeue:
To see that wight without his speeche,
which might his sentence giue

In matters that belong
vnto his common wealth,
Whose counsel graue, would much auail
to keepe his peoples health.
And musing thus, he straight did cause
a trumpet to be blowne,
Which through al his dominions
in short time it was sowne:
Proclaiming who could wel restore
that persons speech againe,
Ten thousand frankes in ready gold,
he should haue for his paine.
There one might see the thronging heapes
of these Chirurgian sort,
Who for to helpe this noble Lord
did thither then resorte.
But this edict the King set forth,
that he which durst be bold
To cure the same, and could not ende,
should forfait al that gold.
Or if so be he could not pay
the summe, his life should leese:
When this they heard, they al in troupes
did flee away as Geese.
This babbling fame was spred so much,
this bruite so farre was blowne,
That at the length the same it was
well knowne in *Thurin* towne,

And passed still from mouth to mouth,
til at the length it came
Unto the widowes eare, and shee
did like well of the same,
For that she sawe his constant trouth
which he to her did plight:
His perfect faith and stedfast loue
her hart did much delight.
Shee likewise heartily all the summe
which they should duely take,
By any meanes or practise straunge,
this Knight to speake could make.
She did deuise immediatly,
that shee this gold might gain,
To wend to *France*, and to restore
to him his speach againe.
Shee thought those passions still that he
did suffer as before:
She thought his loue redoubled was,
still dayly more and more.
She thought not on the letter which
for his farewel he sent:
And though shee did, shee still did thinke,
that no such thing he ment.
Wherefore she would incontinent
to *Paris* take her way,
And til shee came againe, all things
at home shee set in stay.

Not caring for to see hir loue,
but to get praise and thankes:
And causing him to speake, she should
obtaine ten thousande frankes.
Which she to haue already thought,
therof shee made accompt:
Thus thinking still, and sure thereof,
on horseback shee doth mount.
Thus may you playnely see,
that shee, whom honest loue
And seruice long could not induce,
did streightway minde to proue
Great riches to obtaine:
whom pity could not moue,
But vnder colourc to attaine
this gold, she fained loue.
O blind desire of worldly mucke
how long thus wilt thou blinde
The reason both and spirites of men,
and bring them so behinde?
O raging gulfe, how many wights
thy yawning throte hath drunke.
Who with thy lures, and fond procures,
in endlesse hell haue sunke,
Whose prayse had passed far the clouds
in brightnesse like the Sunne,
If they had sought in warely wise
thy subtle wayes to shunne.

Als

Alas, thy fruites are nothing worth,
the which thou bringest forth:
The pleasures which thou sowest abrode,
I say be nothing worth.
Oh that thy vice should so take place,
that men thou shouldst blinde:
No ioyes at all they do conduce
the which inioy the same,
But at the length through greedy minde
it doth increase their shame.
For still the dropsie lyeth hid
wythin their heart and minde,
The more they drinke, the more they still
the thirst therof do finde.
This vice sometime did cause the death
of *Romaine* Crœssus King
Whose greedie minde I say againe
him to his death did bring.
Who through gods threatning punishment
fell in the *Persians* hands:
And like a wretche he ended there
his life in cruell bandes.
What should I speake of many moe,
the time it would prolong?
It doth not wel become my pen
still for to sing one song.
But now to widowe Zilia
againe let vs returne,

Who blinded with dame Auarice,
hir heart like fire did burne.
Thus passing through the Mountains hie,
in *France* she did arriue:
The pleasant soyle that there, she saw,
hir spirites dio much reuiue.
When she came there, she did enquire
who had the charge of those
That toke on them to heale the Lorde,
to them she streight way goes.
Who when they came, they askt of hir
if she durst be so bolde
To take on hir the cure of him:
which she did say she would.
You knowe (sayd they) the forfeytures
which they shall forfeyt still:
That is to say, the summe of gold
or else their life to spill.
All this I knowe (quoth shee)
wherfore shee them requires
That she might see the patient,
that so hir heart desires.
For God a certaine secret straunge,
reuealed hath to mee.
That I do trust ere fiue dayes passe,
so speake you shall him see.
This furthermore they also adde,
if fiftene dayes are past,

And

And he not speake within that time,
the wager it was lost.
Shee did submit hir selfe to all,
still thinking that she had
Like power ouer the Lord of *Virle*,
which still did make hir glad.
The deputies with all speede went
to aduertise the Knight,
And of his new Phisition
to him they do recite,
How that there as a woman come,
that render will his speeche:
And in sixe dayes in paine of life,
wyl helpe their Noble leeche.
These sodaine wordes did mase him much,
but yet he neuer thought
That Zilia, to procure his health
by any wayes had sought.
He thought that Zilia neuer would
to him beare such good will,
As to procure his health againe,
his life but rather spill.
Thus musing, still he standes,
not knowing what to say,
But yet at length this widowe faire
to him shee toke hir way:
Shee came in place where as he was,
hir patient for to see,

But when he sawe her entred in,
implete with wrath was hee:
He deemed straight that money was
the cause of her repayre,
Her smiling grace he set nought by,
nor yet her lookes so faire.
He calling to his minde her rage,
and all the cruell wo
Which she did cause him to sustaine,
his body bringing lowe
With pining sighes and greefes,
esteeming not his care,
But to torment his silly corpse
with rigor did not spare:
The like he minded then
to shewe to her againe,
And to molest her froward corse,
with such like greefe and paine.
Not shewing fauour more
to her, than shee to him,
But still her foe for to endure,
as shee his foe had bin.
His former loue was turnd to rage,
hys friendship into ire,
His heart to choller so was changde,
that it did burne like fire.
But in his chamber seeing her,
he fained not to knowe

Hir person, nor hir great estate:
be thought best so to do.
This mate the widowe sore agast,
she knew not what to say,
Hir senses left their wonted vse,
hir spirites were gone away.
But calling to hir memory
in what straunge place she stode,
To make of neede a vertue then,
shee thought it very good.
From whence she could not well depart
without the losse of life:
Or cast hir honor in the dust,
vnlesse she were his wife.
Wherefore shee minded for to trie
dame Fortunes turning wheele,
And thus shee spake vnto the Knight,
hir heart as hard as steele.
What is the cause O knight
you doe not hir esteeme,
Who thought the time to be full long
ere that she had you seene?
And doe you nowe set nothing by,
the wight that lones you so?
Who as you sayde, did guide your heart
where so euer you did go?
Haue you so sone forgotten hir
that was your only ioy?

Be all your former pleasures now,
conuerted to annoy?
Looke better once againe,
beholde your humble wight:
Do not estraunge your selfe from me,
worke not so great dispight.
Forgiue me now my former faults
which once I did commit:
Your former greefes which I did cause,
out of your heart let slip.
I am the wight that tyde your tongue,
now let me lose the same:
And for the first inuented wrong,
no more repute the blame.
Shee seeing then this Gentleman
woulde nothing say but mumme,
Shee curst within her heart, the houre
wherin she made him dumme.
He did declare by outward signes
that he coulde nothing speake,
The trickling teares then sodenly
out from his eyes do breake.
Shee then with armes embracing him,
his lippes did kisse full oft,
And in her heart for present aide
desires the Gods aloft.
But he which once with sugred words
did seeke her for to please,

He

He now inuents all kinde of wayes
her person to displease.
Her cares now vnto him be ioy,
her greefes do glad his heart,
Her sobs and sighes do cheere his minde,
all cares he sets apart.
All her wordes do not auaile,
her plaints do profite nought:
Now is shee quite discouraged
of that thing which she sought.
He waked once againe by her
which once had slaine his minde:
The thing which seemed long asleepe,
he did assay to finde.
Shee more for feare of losse of life,
or price of the reward,
Entending by all kind of wayes,
her life for to sauegarde,
Than for the true and earnest loue
which she to him did beare,
Did suffer him to haue of her,
that louers do desire:
Thus for the space of fiftene dayes,
they lined in great ioy:
But yet his friend would nothing speake,
which did her much anoy.
Shee humbly prayed him to shewe,
some fauor to her state,

Protesting still while life doth last
for to become his mate.
Or that shee might goe free
from either losse at hand,
And she would stand as truest friend,
that was in all that land.
This gay and lowly talke,
she had, to moue the Knight,
But not, as yet, no fauour shee
could finde before his sight.
At length the king, when that he sawe
this patient would not speake,
He did commit her to the Jayle
in prison fast to keepe,
That either shee should pay the summ
or else his lyfe should lose:
When this shee heard, to sobs and teare
his selfe shee doth dispose.
How bitter seemed this same drinke,
let al men beare away,
Who prest with paine on euery side,
began thus for to say:
Ah captiue wight that wentst about,
an other to deceaue,
Hast sharpened now the vital swoorde,
thy life for to bereaue.
Did it not well inough suffise
for to deceiue my foe?

But all entangled in his snares,
must breede my careful wo.
My fame he doth so much dispoile,
that every one doth mocke
My state, to all so I shall be
a common laughing stocke.
What hap had I that I was not
devoured of some beaste,
Which in the woodes and hils, I past,
do take their common rest?
Oh what mischance had I
that I brake not my necke,
In tumbling downe the steepie hils
and so my selfe to wrecke,
Than heere to stande a gazing stocke
to them that this way passe,
And on a stage to all mens eyes
a common loking glasse.
But this O god, is due rewarde
for mine ungodly life.
My hart so fierce in crueltie
delighting still in strife.
The Knight contented with his plaints,
esteeming not his greefe,
Yet at the length constrained was
to get him some releefe.
His teares did so bedew his face
that he some pitie tooke:

The Christall drops ran downe hir cheek
as from a water brooke.
He more did waile and rue hir case,
than she hir louers did:
Which argued, much a gentle heart
within his brest was hid.
He then repayred to the King,
deliting standers by,
Who then to heare him speake, on throng
they do approche him nie.
He utters then before the King,
the whole discourse of loue
Which he did heare to Zelia,
as is rehearst aboue,
And how also shee was the cause
that he his speache did lose,
But now reuiude againe by hir
whose heart with greefe it flowes.
Wherefore yet now O king (quoth he)
this one thing let me craue:
That though she haue deserued death,
hir pardon let hir haue.
The king the speakes: your whole requel
you certes shall obtaine,
Although this widow do deserue
to suffer greeuous paine.
Your most faithfull and gentle heart
deseruely no lesse prayse,

That

Than hir ill deedes do merite paine,
whose shame will last alwayes.
Shee then likewise contented was,
and he to wife hir tooke:
He loued hir, shee him likewyse,
till death them twaine forsooke.

FINIS.

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